

## CLOSE QUARTERS ;

OR, THE HOUSE IN THE RUE BARBETTE

### CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd)

"With a mock bow of much politeness he took his leave, carrying with him the case of diamonds. I have never seen him since. Last night in the Foreign Office I met Captain Gaultier, who told me of the rencontre on the steamer. I readily forgave him for the mistake he had made with reference to my appearance, but it was too bad that he should imagine I would bolt to Paris with a lady of theatrical appearance in broad daylight."

"Yes," cried Fairholme, "if it had been the night steamer—"

"Bobby!" exclaimed Edith. "Oh, I meant, of course," stammered Fairholme, "that by night Gaultier might have been more easily mistaken."

"Well, and what happened at the Foreign Office?"

Brett's question recalled the younger people to the gravity of the conclave.

"First of all," said Talbot, "Fairholme drove me straight home, where it was necessary to give some slight preliminary explanation before I made a too sudden appearance, so I remained in the cab outside whilst Fairholme went in and found Edith."

"Ah!" said Brett, still surveying the ceiling; but there was so much meaning in his voice that this time it was the turn of the young couple to blush.

"We did not take long to explain matters," continued Talbot. "I sent off messengers posthaste to the Under-Secretary and others suggesting that if possible we should meet at the Foreign Office. Within an hour my chiefs were good enough to fall in with my views, and therefore I had an opportunity to tell them my story exactly as I have repeated it to you. The result is that I carry with me a letter from the Under-Secretary in which he explains his views. I am already acquainted with his reasons, but I have no doubt that he puts them before you quite clearly."

He handed a letter to Brett. Its contents were laconic, but unmistakable.

"The inquiry in which you are engaged," it read, "must be conducted with the utmost secrecy and discretion. The gravest political importance is attached to its outcome. No trouble or expense should be allowed to interfere with the restoration of the diamonds to their rightful owner. The British Government will regard this as a most valuable service to the State, and Mr. Talbot is commissioned to place at your disposal the full resources of the Foreign Office. You will also find that his Majesty's Ministers throughout Europe have been advised to give you every assistance, whilst there is little reason to doubt that the various European Governments will be ready to offer you all possible support. The first consideration is the restoration of the gems intact to the Sultan; the second, absolute secrecy as to the whole of the circumstances."

"Whew!" whistled Brett. "Read between the lines, this communication shows the serious nature of our quest. If those diamonds are not recovered, a revolution in Turkey is the almost certain outcome, and Heaven alone knows what that means to the European Powers most concerned."

"If you succeed," said Sir Hubert Fitzjames, "the Government will make you a baronet."

"If you succeed," growled Talbot, "I will get even with 'at Frenchman.'"

"And when you succeed," said Fairholme, "in a matter of fact it is that indicated the wild improbability of any other outcome. 'Edith and I will get married!'"

### CHAPTER XIV.

Brett now deemed it advisable to take the commissary of police fully into his confidence. The official promptly suggested that every personage in Paris connected even remotely with the mystery—Gros Jean, the Turks, the waiter at the Cafe Noir, and even the little thief "Le Ver"—should be arrested and subjected to a process verbal.

But Brett would not hear of this proceeding.

He quite firmly reminded the commissary that the wishes of the British Government must be respected in this matter, and the proposed wholesale arrests of persons, some

of whom were in no way cogisant of the crime, would assuredly lead to publicity and the appearance of sensational statements in the Press.

"But, monsieur," cried the Frenchman, "something must be done. Even you, I presume, intend to lay hands on the principal men. While they are wandering about the country each hour makes it easier for them to secrete the diamonds so effectually that no matter what may be the result the Sultan will never recover his property."

"Calm yourself, I beg," said the barrister, with difficulty compelling himself to reason with this excitable policeman. "You speak as though we had in our hands every jot of evidence to secure the conviction of Dubois and his associates before a judge."

"But is it not so?" screamed the other.

"No; it is very far from being so."

"Then what are we to do?" said the commissary, piteously throwing out his hands and shrugging his shoulders with the eloquent French gesture that betokens utter bewilderment.

"Difficulty though it may be, we must first accomplish the main part of our work. In other words, we must secure the diamonds before we collar the murderers."

The Frenchman was silent for a moment. At last he said submissively—"In what way can I help?"

"By procuring for me from the chief of your department an authorization to call in the aid of the police when and where I may desire their assistance."

"But what of the house of the Rue Bonbonnerie?"

"You anticipated my next request. Whilst you are looking to that letter you must place at my disposal two of your most trusty agents. In their company Lord Fairholme and I purpose visiting the house to-night."

They were conversing in the commissary's office at a late hour after Brett had quitted his friend in the Grand Hotel.

Within a few minutes the two Englishmen and their French companions were standing outside No. 41, Rue Bonbonnerie, and they found that Monsieur de Lisle kept a small shop, whose only significant feature was a placard announcing that letters might be addressed there.

"Oh," said Brett, when he noticed this legend, "this is simple. We need not waste much time here."

The four men walked inside, crowding the narrow space before a diminutive counter. The proprietor was supping in style, as they could perceive through the glass top of the door which communicated with the sitting-room at the back. His feast consisted of a tankard of thin wine, half a loaf of black bread, and two herrings.

The man was surprised by the sudden incursion of customers. He came out looking puzzled and alarmed.

"Have you any letters here for Monsieur Jean Beaujolais?" said Brett.

"No, monsieur."

"Have you received any letters for a person of that name?"

"No, monsieur."

"I suppose you never heard the name of Jean Beaujolais before in your life?"

"I think not, monsieur."

"Then," exclaimed Brett, turning quietly away, "I fear you must be arrested. These two gentlemen"—and he nodded towards the detectives—"will take you to the Prefecture, where perhaps your memory may improve."

The man blanched visibly. His teeth chattered, and his hands shook as if with ague, whilst he nervously arranged some small objects on the counter.

"I cry your pardon, monsieur," he stammered, "but you will understand that I receive letters at my shop for a small fee, and I cannot remember the names of all my customers. I will search with pleasure among those now in my possession to see if there are any for Mr. Beaujolais."

"You are simply incriminating yourself," said Brett sternly. "If your excuse were a genuine one you would first have looked among your letters before answering so glibly that the name of Beaujolais was unfamiliar."

"I beg of you to listen," cried the dismayed shopkeeper. "I had no idea you were from the Prefecture, otherwise I would have answered you in the first instance. There have been letters here for Monsieur Beaujolais. They came from London. He called for them three or four times. The last letter arrived yesterday morning. It is here now. I have not seen Monsieur Beaujolais since the previous evening."

He took from a drawer a packet of letters tied together with string, and the handwriting betrayed the contents of most of them.

One of the detectives did not trust to Monsieur de Lisle's examination. He seized the bundle and went through its contents carefully, but this time Monsieur de Lisle was speaking the truth.

There was only one letter addressed to Beaujolais, and it bore a foreign postmark. Brett tore it open. It contained a single sheet of notepaper, without a date or address, or any words save these scrawled across the centre—"Tout va bien."

He placed the document and its envelope in his pocket-book, and then fixed his keen glance on the shopkeeper's pallid face.

"What sort of a person is Monsieur Beaujolais? Was he a Frenchman, about my height, elegant in appearance, well built, with long thin hands and straight tapering fingers, with very fair skin and high color, dark hair and large eyes set deeply beneath well-marked eyebrows?"

"That is he to the life," cried the shopkeeper. "Monsieur must know him well. I recall him now exactly, but I could not for a hundred francs have described him so accurately."

"How long have you known him?" broke in Brett.

"Let me think," mused the man, who had now somewhat recovered from his alarm. "He came here one day last week—I think it was Thursday, because that day my daughter Marie—no matter what Marie did, I remember the date quite well now. He came in and asked if I did not receive letters for a fee. I said 'Yes,' and told him that I charged ten centimes per letter. He gave me his name. He always handed me half a franc and would never take any change."

"Was he alone?"

"Invariably, monsieur."

"Thank you. You will not be arrested to-night. I think you have told the truth."

The shopkeeper's protestations that he had given every assistance in his power followed them into the street.

Brett dismissed the two detectives and returned to the hotel, where he and Fairholme found Edith and her brother sitting up for them. When Talbot heard the contents of the letter he remarked: "I suppose that 'All goes well' means that I am still a prisoner?"

"Undoubtedly," said the barrister. "The letter was posted in the Haymarket. It came from your French host. I wonder what he will write now? By the way, where

is he? Did you lose sight of the couple after your escape?"

"I did," laughed Talbot. "But Inspector Winter did not. By some mysterious means he learnt all about Fairholme's action in smashing the door. Whilst I was at the Foreign Office that night he arrested the man and the woman."

"Winter is a perfect terror," said Brett. "He dreams of handcuffs and penal servitude. I hope this couple will not be brought to trial or at any rate that your name will not be mixed up in it."

"Oh, no. As soon as I heard the Under-Secretary's wishes, I promptly communicated with Scotland Yard. The Frenchman and his wife will be remanded on a mysterious charge of abetting a

? Why use Teas of uncertain quality and value, when delicious

# "SALADA"

Tea can be had on demand.

Black, Green or Mixed.

Sealed Packets Only.

FREE Sample Packet on Enquiry. Address: "SALADA," Toronto

## Investments for the New Year

We have to offer several first-class bond investments yielding 6 per cent. net, carrying our unqualified recommendation.

WRITE FOR FULL DETAILS

CANADA SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED

179 James Street, Montreal. 308 McKinnon Building, TORONTO. 14 Cornhill, LONDON, ENGLAND

is he? Did you lose sight of the couple after your escape?"

"I did," laughed Talbot. "But Inspector Winter did not. By some mysterious means he learnt all about Fairholme's action in smashing the door. Whilst I was at the Foreign Office that night he arrested the man and the woman."

"Winter is a perfect terror," said Brett. "He dreams of handcuffs and penal servitude. I hope this couple will not be brought to trial or at any rate that your name will not be mixed up in it."

"Oh, no. As soon as I heard the Under-Secretary's wishes, I promptly communicated with Scotland Yard. The Frenchman and his wife will be remanded on a mysterious charge of abetting a

felony and held in durance vile until their testimony is wanted, should we ever capture Dubois."

At Brett's request detectives were hunting through Paris all that night and the next day for a sign of Hussein-ul-Mulk and his Turkish friends. But these gentlemen had vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up.

It was not until Brett and his four companions quitted the train at Marseilles late at night and the barrister received a telegram from the commissary announcing that the search made by the police had yielded no results, that he suddenly recalled the existence of a doorless and windowless room in the Cafe Noir.

(To be continued.)

**3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT**

This is all it costs you to keep your stock in prime condition with the world's most famous animal tonic—

**International Stock Food**

Every cent invested in this wonderful health-giver, brings back dollars in strong, healthy horses, cows, sheep and hogs.

Careful tests show that 4 quarts of oats and the regular feed of INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD will keep horses in better condition than FIVE quarts of oats without it.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD will make your cows gain 1 to 4 quarts of milk per day.

Nothing like INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD to fatten animals for market. Your hogs need it. Ask your dealer for it.

**TESTIMONIAL**  
Hayfield Sta., Man., Nov. 15, 1911.  
International Stock Food Co. Ltd.  
Toronto, Ont.  
Dear Sirs—I want to say that your Stock Food is all right. I have had more good from its use than any other kind I ever used, and do not care to start winter feeding without it. Please ship as soon as you can to Carroll. Yours very truly (Signed) JOHN ROGERS

We have a copy of our \$3,000 Stock Book for you. Send us your name and address, and tell us the number of head of stock you own.

**INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO. LIMITED**  
TORONTO ONTARIO  
MENTION THIS PAPER.

**Sign Here**

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ your Name

\_\_\_\_\_ your Post Office

\_\_\_\_\_ your Province

**WRITE** your name and address in the lines above, clip out this ad, and mail it now. We will send, by return mail, a book that tells how to make yours a "Twentieth Century" farm.

You wouldn't be satisfied to use a scythe to cut your grain, when a modern harvester can do it so much better, would you? Nor to use the old soft-iron plough-share that your ancestors walked behind, when you can get an up-to-date riding plough? Every Canadian farmer realizes the advantages of Twentieth Century implements.

The next step is

### The 20th Century Material—Concrete

Concrete is as far ahead of brick, stone, or wood as the harvester is ahead of the scythe or the riding-plough is ahead of the old iron plough-share.

Concrete is easily mixed, and easily placed. It resists heat and cold as no other material can; hence is best for ice-houses, root-cellars, barns, silos and homes. It never needs repair; therefore it makes the best walks, fence-posts, culverts, drain-tiles, survey monuments, bridges and culverts. It cannot burn; you can clean a concrete poultry-house by filling it with straw and setting the straw afire. The lice, ticks and all germs will be burned, but the house is uninjured.

It is cheap—sand and gravel can be taken from your own farm. Cement, the only material you must buy, forms from one-seventh to one-tenth of the whole volume.

Do you want to know more about Concrete on the Farm? Then write your name and address in the lines above, or on a postcard, mail it to us, and you will receive by return mail a copy of

**"What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete"**

Not a catalogue, but a 160-page book, profusely illustrated, explaining how you can use concrete on YOUR farm.

ADDRESS—

**CANADA CEMENT CO., Ltd.**  
30-35 NATIONAL BANK BUILDING MONTREAL

**WOOD**